A BUSY DAY AT THE CAPITOL.

Workmen Putting the Finishing Touches to the Rooms.

TALK ABOUT THE SPEAKERSHIP.

A Quartette of Thieves Arraigned-Another Case of Misplaced Confidence-Supreme Court News-Notes.

LINCOLN BURBAU OF THE OMARA BEE, 1029 P. STREET, LINCOLN, Dec. 20,

The day has been a busy one at the state house. A score or more of workmen spent the day retouching and varnishing furniture, putting down carpets, decorating walls, and in other ways preparing for legislative and inauguration exercises. It is said that the capitol will be in apple-pie order by the first day of the new year. In any event, it will be in better shape than ever before, and perhaps will be the more appreciated for the long waiting. The board of public lands and buildings has ordered the vacation of the rooms occupied by the board of transportation, and they will be fitted up for the use of committees. This gives the rooms adjoining the house of representatives and senate chamber for the use of committees, and will add greatly to conveniences. Superintend-ent Davey assured The Ber representative to-day that the finishing touches would be put upon all of the new rooms before the close of

the coming week.
Old things will look new. Every piece of old furniture in the capitol building will be retouched. There will scarcely be a blemish to be seen in any room. The great cracks in the east wing will succumb to the touch of the paperhanger. It is given out that noth-ing about the interior of the building will lock shabby or mean. This is commendable if it is not the purpose to cover noticeable de-fects. But the settling of the southeast corner of the wing can be noticed from the center of the room, and a critical survey of center of the room, and a critical survey of the walls will locate the great rod that has been driven from north to south through the wing at the face of the gallery. These sug-gestions are made that members of the house and senate may keep in mind the old saying: "All is not gold that glitters." Let it be remem-bered, however, that The Bes representative has no thought of criticizing the building as a whole. It has been suggested that it would be a wise thing to have the east wing thoroughly overhauled, probable dangers considered, and an appropriation, if necessary, to raise the corner resting upon the sandy foundation. It can be located by any dis-cerning person by the naked eye.

SPEAKERSHIP GOSSIP It is given out here, whether authoritatively r not THE BEE representative has no means or not The Bre representative has no means of knowing, that Cady of Howard is making his canvass for the speakership on the issue of the necessity of a constitutional convenion. From this, judgment goes, that Mr. Cady seeks to drown many of the minor questions that promise to stir the questions that promise to stir the choices during the coming legislative session. With this end in view it is alleged that Cady desires a caucus of the members of the nouse-elect of the Third congressional district, to secure concerted action in his interests at the evening fight on Organization. Just when or where the cau-cus is to be held is unknown, but it is learned from good authority that letters have been written to a number of members by Cady suggesting and urging this move, Mr. Gilchrist, of Box Butte, said while here the other day that such a caucus would be held, but he knew not where. The speaker ship canvass in this propenquity grows warm from day to day. Rhodes of Pawnee, is the latest. He is understood to have a warm feeling for Majors, and his candidacy s regarded as the reserve force of the Nemaha statesman. It amounts to nothing. "The gentleman," said one of the best informed representatives elect to-day, "has no more knowledge of parliamentary law than more knowledge of parliamentary law than he has of the bliss of heaven, and he is being

Used as a common stool-pigeon."

Talk as to the speakership remains about the same. Watson, Cady and Dempster are still regarded as the strong candidates. Caldwell keeps McBride in the background. Neither has any earthly show of election. The chances are that both will pull out of the fight at the first graceful opportunity. Olmstead and Lee hang on the ragged edge Baker will probably have some strength. Two or three prominent politicians have remarked lately that he will bear watching.

The quartette of thieves captured in Lincoln some time since were arraigned in the district court to-day, and they entered the plea of not guilty. It is believed, however, that Howard, or Reddy Wilson, as he is better known, will weaken when his case comes up for hearing, which will probably be in a day or two, or before the adjournment of the present term. But the trial of the Quinlans will probably go over until the next term of court. This precious pair obtained bail. The bond was signed by Quinlan's brother-in-law, Pat Desmond, of Omaha, and Thomas

MRS. HANDS INJURED A mad runaway took place on P street at 2 o'clock to-day. One of Liveryman Skinner's teams escaped from their driver and in ner's teams escaped from their driver and in turning the corner on P and Eleventh streets ran into a team and buggy driven by Mrs. Hands, wife of the gentlemanly manager of Max Meyer's music store of this place, up-setting and demolishing the buggy and throwing Mrs. Hands upon the pavement with such force as to cause her to lose consciousness. The lady was severely bruised. on examination, the physician stated that her injuries were not necessarily serious. But t was a narrow escape, and due to the careessness of the driver of the runaway team.

Mr. E. Motz, of this city, dealer in old iron, topper and rags, is out just \$100, with noth on earth to show for it. It is a case of too much confidence in an employee. Re-centiy, he started Herman Davis, a bright young Hungarian, on the road to buy up a stock of his goods in trade, giving him \$50 to pay out in collecting a stock of old wares. while in Hastings two or three days ago,
Davis wired Motz to send him. \$50 more, as
he had purchased a lot of old copper and that sum was needed to complete the trade. Motz advanced the necessary cash, but he is out that sum, and has no copper, iron or rags to show for any portion of the whole sum he advanced him. Davis is in parts unknown. Motz will pay \$25 for the apprehension of Davis, whom he describes as twenty-two years of age, with light hair and mustache, and sneaks the Eurijsh language imperand speaks the English language imper feetly. When last seen he wore a light over coat and a stiff black hat.

SUPREME COURT NEWS. The following causes were docketed for trial in the supreme court to-day: S. R. Lichtenberger vs Frank Johnson; error from York county.
Phillip Dickinson vs Charlotte P. Dickin son et al; appeal from Johnson county.

John Tamrow et al vs Elizabeth Snelling;
error from Lancaster county.

PARMERS' AND MERCHANTS' BANK. Articles incorporating the Farmers' and Merchants' bank at Valley, Dougias county, were flied in the office of the secretary of state to-day. The company authorize a cap-ital stock of \$25,000, and was organized and tal stock of \$25,000, and was organized and commenced business on the 28th of November, and will continue for fifty years by a majority consent of the stockholders. The incorporators are as follows: G. W. E. Dorsey, W. G. Whitmore, W. E. Smails, A. S. Egbert, H. M. Puffer, C. H. Toncray, Alfred Standen, J. W. Hempsted, J. M. Williams, John F. Steer, John Reed and James Mitchell.

James Mitchell. GITT NEWS AND NOTES.
Secretaries Mason and Ages went to Pawnee City yesterday to patch up the trouble between the town and the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railroad company. Happily the difficulty was settled before their arrival and crossings were going in according to the wishes of the complainants.

The board of university regents concluded the work of the regular meeting to-day. Two or three applications for the vacant chancel-lorship were under consideration. But it has not been definitely determined who shall succeed Manatt. The work of the board was unimportant in a news way. The members from abroad returned home to-day. The physiologist would class Hon. J. L. Caldwell with nervous temperament people. It is a mistake. He belongs to the sanguine class. It is said that he actually expects to be elected speaker of the house of representatives. Mr. Caldwell leads a forlow hope. Railroad pinfeathers stick to him too closely. Walker, of Surprise, But-

ler county, was a Lincoin vis-tior yesterday and to-day. Mr. Walker told the board of regents what he knew about hog inoculation. He also told Tun Ben representative that of the six herds of Ber representative that of the six berds of hogs vaccinated by Dr. Billings in his neighborhood, four of them were practically exterminated, one did not take the disease at all, and one doubtless had the disease when operated upon. While over two hundred of the hogs inoculated died and about sixty lived, he thinks that the germ of the disease has been found, and rejoiceth. Still, he says that most of his neighbors prepared says that most of his neighbors pronounce Billings a fraud.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a sear. Send for book containng many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell,

Whithered Joe. Opie P. Read: There was not a man n the Dry Fork neighborhood who was not afraid of old Sam Peters. The old ellow's looks were quite enough to righten the timid, and his violent exclamations rarely failed to make men of nerve feel ill at ease. Sam had kitled several men. On one occasion, over at Slawson's bayou, he encountered a desperate fellow from Texas. They at once recognized each other as rivals, and, upon a pretence of having a former altercation, agreed to fight. The "time-honered" handkerchief method of combat was adopted; that is, each contestant should take hold with his teeth, a corner of the same handkerchief, and then fall to work with bowie knives. It may without digression, be said that this plan of fighting, long since ruled out of the most polite circles of society, is rather dangerous. When a fellow named Collins had, with courteous accommodation, whetted the knives on his boot, the sad discovery was made that no one had a handkerchief. "This is a putty come off," said Collins. "The idee uv loosin' all this yere enspiriten' 'citement just on ercount uv a rag is a disgrace ter er civilized curmunity. Hol' on er minit, fellers. I've got er idee." He took off his wheat-straw hat, tore out the calico lining, and, handing it to old Sam, remarked: "Thar's the necessary dockyment. The difficity is at a cend. Chaw yo' corners." The men took hold. The knives flashed. The man from Texas fell in a dying condition of the control of the tion. Old Sam staggered away severely wounded. There also lived in the Dry Fork neighborhood a cripple boy named Withered Joe. He was of so little importance that scarcely any attention was paid to him. His only companion was a dog-a snaggle-tooth, wretched animal, with one eye. The cripple would often take the dog in his arms mourn over him. One night two men were riding along a lonely road. "Hush," said one of them, reining up his horse, "what curious noise is that?" "Come on," the other man replied: "It's only Withered Joe whimperin' over his dog down that in the holler." Old Sam's outrages became so numerous that the authorities decided to arrest him. The sheriff declared that it would require twenty men. "It makes no difference," said the circuit judge, "he must be arrested." The sheriff summoned a posse. Cld Sam was easily found. He placed his back was easily found. He placed his back against a tree, drew his bowie-knife, and said that he didn't feel like being arrested. "You wouldn't kill your friends, would you?" asked the sheriff. Yes, I'd kill a lamb if it tried to arrest me. I wan't bo'n ter be tuck up like a stray hoss." "Sam, the people want you." "They kaint git me. Thar ain't none uv you that wanter be killed, I reckon." "No, b'leve not." "Wall, then, keep yo' distance!" "The man who will rush on him shall be the next sheriff uv this county," exclaimed the lending officer. "Then why don't you do it, an' be re-elected?" some one rejoined. "Becaze," the sheriff replied. 'I've got a wife an' chillun dependin'on 'Hello," said a fellow named Collins; "Yonder comes Withered Joe, and his snaggle-tooth dog ain't with him, nuther. That's strange. Reckon he's come after ole Sam." The men shouted, and old Sam, lifting his upper lip until a wolf-dog smile showed be-neath it, reached out and clipped off a red-bud twig with his kmfe. Withered red-bud twig with his knife. Withered Joe approached. In his hand he carried a long knife. Hallo, Joe" the sheriff

mess of greens?" The cripple did not reply. His eyes, in a sort of dead set, but passed the circle of men. "Come back here, fool," the sheriff cried. 'Come back or he'll cut you in two.' He did not stop. Old Sam gazed at him in angry astonishment. "Don't you come nigh me, you dried up crab apple.
Don't come here. I tell you.
I'll kill you like I would a
snake." The cripple walked straight ahead. Old Sam raised his knife. "One mo' step," he said. Another step. The knife came down, but the cripple shrank, or seemed to wither to one side; and then, with the quickness of a cat he plunged his knife in old Sam's hip. Then arose a shout. The men rushed forward, seized old Sam and bound him. "You are a man," said the sheriff, ad-dressing the cripple. "Your great respect for the law shall be rewarded. "I ain't got no respeck fur ther law," rejoined the cripple, bursting into tears. "That feller killed my dog." Two men were riding along a lonely road "Hush," said one of them, reining in "What curious noise his horse.

thar in the holler. Told by Old Campaigners. Washington Letter in New York Tribune: At the club the other day they were recounting some reminiscen- | public grounds.

that?" "Come on". It's only With-

ered Joe whimperin' over his dog down

vis- f ces of the war, when an old general on he retired list of the army remarked:

"I will illustrate to you the amount of influence possessed by officers over men and the high state of discipline that prevailed during the war, by the following incident that occurred at the battle of Bull Run. In the heat of the action an officer, who has since become prominent and well known throughout the country, was then in command of a brigade on the right of the line. While riding over the field he discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, which was of just sufficient dimensions to afford him shelter. The general rode up to him, inquired as to his regiment, and ordered him to join t at once. The man looked him full in the face placed a thumb under his nose, and replied:

"'O, no you don't, old fellow! You want this hole yourself."
This reminded another old veteran of

a peculiar military dialogue he listened to in the course of one of the battles of the rebellion, I forgot which. The sol-dier was going off the field too hastily, and the provost guard cried: "Halt

"Wounded?" "No." "Sicky"

"Can't!"

"What's the matter?" "I am scared and want to go to the

rear to-rally. These military anecdotes remind me o fa story I heard General Sheridan tell once, and which I do not remember having seen in print before. The general at the time was in command of some western troops fighting the Indians. A band of the latter had made a sudden attack on a detachment of his men, but fortunately they had a mountain howitzer mounted on a mule. Not having time to take it off and put it in position, they backed up and blazed away at the Indians. The load was so heavy that the mule and all went turnbling down the hill toward the savages, who, not understanding that kind of fighting, took to their heels. Afterward one of them was captured, and when asked by Sheridan why he ran re-"Me big Injun, not afraid of little o

big guns, but when white man fires whole jackass at Injun he don't know what to do.' Another story which General Sheri-

dan was fond of telling at the dinner-table, after the coffee had been served and the ladies had retired, went somewhat like this, I am told: There was a zealous chaplain, of the army of the Potomac, who had called on a colonel noted for his profanity to talk of the religious interests of his men. After having been politely motioned to

a seat on the chest the chaplain began: "Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army."
"I believe so," said the colonel in

"Do you think," pursued the chaplain, "that you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your

"Well, I don't know," doubtfully re-

plied the colonel. "A lively interest has been awakened in the — Massachusetts," the parson went on to say. "The Lord has blessed the labors of His servants, and ten have

already been baptized."
"Is that so?" excitedly cried the colonel, and then turning to the attendant, added: "Sergeant-major, have fif-teen men detailed immediately for baptism; I'll be blanked if I'll be outdone by any Massachusetts regiment."

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should al-ways be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diacrhoea. 25c a bottle.

Six Suicides In One Day.

New York Tribune: Six attempts at seemed to leave any hope of survival, make an extraordinary record for one day in New York City. Sudden outbreaks of this kind, which are commonly called "epidemics" of crime, are not infrequent, and are easily ac counted for on the principle of imita-tion, which Dr. William A. Hammond discusses in the December North American. One crime easily suggests and other of the same sort to a mind that is overwrought by excitement, and was perhaps weak at the outset; and no called, "have you started out to cut a crime is so easily suggested and so readily imitated, apparently, as suicide, which does not imply malice toward were fixed on old Sam. He did not stop, any human being, but only such a degree of impatience with the world that he sufferer is willing to forget all his duties if he can only escape his miseries. There is the well known historical instance of the philosopher who preached suicide so successfully in Alexandria that selfdestruction became fashionable, and the authorities were

compelled to send him out of the city. This habit of immitation is undoubt edly greatly stimulated, as Dr. Hammond points out, by the nature of modern life. These six suicides did not take their impulse from each other, as the Alexandrians did, but if the facts could be known it would undoubtedly be found that the minds of all of them had been more or less affected by reading about suicides in the newspapers and hearing them discussed. The won-derful diffusion of intelligence in these days has its pains as well as its pleasures. The crimes of the world, it may almost be said, are served up every morning along with its good deeds, its battles, its elections, its debates, its gifts to charity, its railroad disasters. and the thousand and one events of the day. It is inevitable that it should be so, though the amount of space and the degrees of prominence given to criminal records in a newspaper should always be a matter for serious care on

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Short-Legged Engines.

Philadelphia Record: One solitary factor in the construction of a locomotive determines its speed and economy. That factor is the size of the driving-wheel. Intuition will tell people that speed is in some way related to the size of the wheel, but the inference as regards its economy is not as easily followed. The great question of rapid transit has concentrated in the size of the driver. The little wheel is making a big fight against its larger brothers and bids fair to rival if not surpass them in point of swiftness. All the fastest trains on the Pennsylvania railroad are pulled at present by loco-motives with 6j foot driving wheels. The little-wheeled iron horses protest against this apparent partiality and demand a test of speed. For a little time past Samuel Pine and Joseph Keily, who alternates on fast train No. 19 on the New York division of the Pennsylvania railroad, have been experiment-ing with a 51 foot locomotive to discover just what difference there is between the two classes in point of speed and economy. Engine No. 733 had been especially re-enforced at the Altoona shops for the purpose. She was allowed 160 pounds pressure, 20 pounds more than is ordinary allowed. This was not an official test by the company, but was made by the two engineers Engineers and locomotive experts

say that the larger engines travel faster than the smaller ones. A 61foot wheel, in other words, is more con ducive to swiftness than the 51-foot. The larger locomotives will run to New York in fifteen minutes less than it takes their smaller brethren, provided no stops are made. In case of a great number of stops on the route the engine with the 5) foot driving wheel will-show their rears to the larger wheelers. In the thirty four stops between Philadelphia and New York on the Pennsylvania railroad, the smaller locomotive will beat the engines with 61-foot wheels nearly twenty minutes when each engine is pulling the same weight. All the local trains running between this city and New York are hauled by the smaller wheelers, and nake the distance in about two hours and forty minutes where a stop is made at every principal station along the line. A large engine, under exactly the same conditions, could not travel the distance in less than three hours. The reason for this lies in the fact that the smaller wheels can be held under better control than the larger ones and have a greater amount of leverage, being closer to the ground. It has been estimated that the small locomotives can be stopped in about one-third the

time that it takes for the bigger ones. The little fellows also have the advantage of time in getting away from the station, and they can reach their greatest momentum within one minute after the start, while the engines with the 61-foot wheels require two minutes. The 51-foot wheels are also better adapted for grades, and have fully 15 per cent better leverage than the 61oot engine, known as class "K." natural consequence, in mountainous districts the former are invariably used. A test of hauling power reveals the fact the former can haul fifty loaded passenger cars while the big wheels at best only run away with twenty-five.

In rainy seasons the smaller iron norses can make better time than the engines with the large driving-wheels, owing to the fact that the wheels of the latter have less leverage and slip more. All tests between the two kinds in rainy weather are hence unfair as regards the capability of each for the best speed. During wet weather the 51-foot class will travel about five minutes faster per hundred miles. In dry weather, however, the superiority of engines with the 61-foot driving-wheel, or the class "K," is clearly apparent. The 7:30 o'clock a. m. train which leaves this city for New York is hauled by an engine of class "K," and runs the suicide, four of which were promptly distance in about one hundred and fifty successful, and only one of which minutes. The best possible time that pleasant to take and rapid in its action, could be made by the smaller locomotives, or the class "P," for the same distance and under the same conditions

could not be much less than two hours. It has been estimated that class "K" can travel a mile, with a good load, in fifty seconds. The run on the Pennsylvania railroad between New Brunswick and Trenton, a distance of twenty-seven miles, is made by the through trains in twenty-four minutes, or a fraction less than fifty seconds per mile. In point of economy the larger en-gines are far ahead. A locomotive with

a 5½-foot driving wheel generally weighs about fifty tons and will consume 1,500 pounds more fuel per trip than the arger engines. The reason for this lies in the greater exhausting power of the smaller engines. The larger locomotives, however, use more water, and engineers find great trouble in gauging the exact amount required to run them. The quality of water needed to run a "P" class engine, on the other hand, can be ascertained to a pound. This is seen in the different kinds of steam given off by each. The smaller engine has less dampness in its steam, and makes good use of every pound of water in the boiler. Careful tests prove that the larger engines are the best for speed and economy.

Important.-Do not let your druggist palm off on you any new remedy for colds. Insist on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup or you will be disappointed. "Behold the world rests." Headache and neuralgia have been cured by Salvation Oil, the great and infallible pain-remedy. Price

Sheridan's First Vote.

New York Tribune: "I was present," says ex-President Hayes, "when General Sheridan cast the first vote and last of his life. McClellan was the can-didate on the one side and Lincoln on the other. Sheridan had never voted, as he was an army officer, but he under-stood that under the laws of Ohio an Ohio soldier could vote, and that there was to be somewhere in camp among the Ohio soldiers a polling place. He soon learned it was at my headquarters, so he came over the day before and talked about it. I never cast a vote before in my life, said General Sher-idan, and I don't understand how to do it.' Next day Sheridan came over with General Forsyth, of Toledo, and General Crook, who also wanted to vote. passed the word around that Sheridan and Crook would vote about 9 o'clock, and 5,000 soldiers and two brass bands were on hand. The polling place was a wagon, and three non-commissioned officers were judges and two young fellows clerks. I said I'd vote first so as to show Crook and Sheridan how it was done. I was an old voter; they were greenhorns. I stepped up and said to the judges: 'My name is Rutherford B. Hayes; I vote in Hamilton county, O., in the Fifteenth ward. Cincinnati, All this was put down. Then Sheridan stepped up. He was a little embarrassed, for all the men were looking at him. It was a new part for him to play. He looked at the judge, the judge stared at him. 'Your name. sir? said the judge, with infinite dignity. Sheridan spoke up: 'Philip H. Sheridan.' 'In what state do you vote? asked the judge impressively. 'In Ohio,' Sheridan replied. 'In what county?' 'Perry county.' Then came the difficult question: 'In what ward the difficult question: 'In what ward or township, sir?' asked the judge, with solemuity. 'My father lives in Reading

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him. Then General Crook stepped forward, pulling his mustache nervously, as was his habit. He gave his name. and said he lived in Dayton, Montgomery county. 'What ward, sir?' thundered the judge. 'I don't know,' General Crook said; 'I always stopped at the Phillips house, though.' 'Oh, call it the First ward,' I said, and down it went that way. In speaking with Sheridan afterward he said, with feeling: 'This is my first vote; I don't ever expeet to vote again, but I did want to vote for Old Abe."

Mother! has your child got the croup? Dr J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm, is a safe and effectual remedy, 25 cents a bottle.

A Child's Cry.

San Francisco Call: My name is Anthony Aunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when I first moved there, my wife and I, and now we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones. One day about ten years ago I went away from home to sell my lifty head of cattle—fine creatures as 1 ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all a doll for my youngest-Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her ownonly rag babies her mother made for

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a par-ent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and now, when the cattle sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I feltanxious to get back and cager to hear Dolly's praise about her Doll. I was mounted on a steady-going old

horse and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I knew of. I could have felt my way, though. I remembered it so well: and when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, I was five miles or maybe six miles from home. I rode as fast as I could, but all of a

sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listeneoheard again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was as I got down and felt around in the

grass-called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious-not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then; but once more I heard the cry, and said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts.

Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough I found a little dripping thing, that meaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me and I mounted and tucked the little sonked thing under my coat as well as I could promising to take it home to mamma It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got to the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread of fear of heart five solemnity. 'My father lives in Reading minutes before I could lift the latch, township,' Sheridan replied in am em-

barrassed way, for it was all new to | of neighbors, and my wife among them weeping.
When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him." "What is it, neighbors," I cried.

"Nothing now. I hope-what's that you have in your arms? "A poor lost child," said I; "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own

child, my Dolly. It was my own, darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I before them. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road. hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp. That's Dolly, yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving-I think (but then I'm her father, and partial, maybe,) the prettiest and sweet-

est thing this side of the Mississippi. A Serious Charge.

Chicago Tribune: "Mr. Glibbun," said the wealthy bachelor, "I need your services. You are probably aware that have occasionally paid attention to Miss Millsaps?"

'Yes," replied the lawyer. "Well, she has sued me for damages to a large amount." "What charge does she bring against

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